

ELF & WARRIOR

by AC Stuart and Victor Rosas III











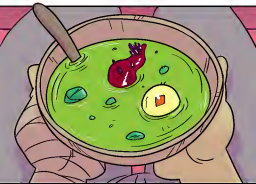
















ANYTHING, UH...
COME BACK TO
YOU?



I REMEMBER...

SOMEONE...



... I FEEL LIKE...

I NEED
TO GET BACK
TO HER.





...BUT I CAN'T
REMEMBER WHO
SHE IS.



PFF. WELL, YOU
CAN'T REMEMBER WHO
YOU ARE, SO I AM
SURPRISED.





I RECKON IT'S
A GOOD SIGN THAT'CHA
REMEMBER ANYTHIN.

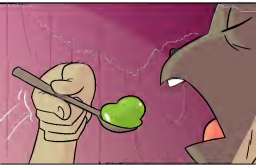
MOST PEOPLE NEVER
RECOVER NOTHIN' OF THEIR
OLD SELVES, AND FOR THOSE
THAT DO, IT CAN TAKE
A WHILE.



THANKS,
GEKKER.





















CHANGE?





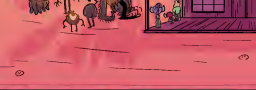
TAX MEN.





EVERYONE IN
THE STREETS!

LINE UP,
SINGLE FILE!





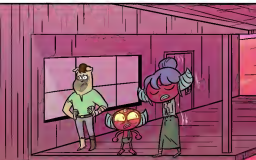
IT'S TIME FOR
JOY COLLECTION.

AGAIN?

THOSE BASTARDS
WERE HERE LAST WEEK.
WE AIN'T GOT ANYTHING
TO GIVE 'EM.







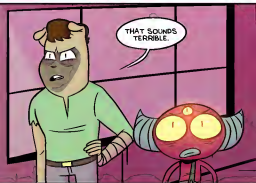






IT'S THE TAX MEN,
COME T' COLLECT.

THEY SUCK ALL
THE JOY 'N SPIRIT
OUT OF US TO GIVE
IT TO THE PRINCE
OF SPARES.



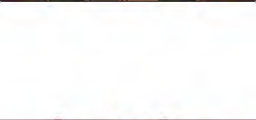


OY!!
YOU TWO!

WHATCHA
STANDIN AROUND
FOR? GET OVER
HERE!





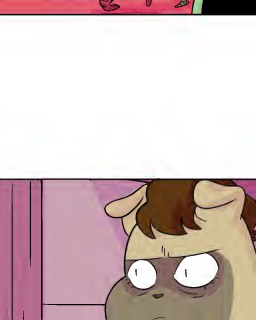


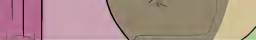


































I DONT
RECKON YOU
REMEMBER YOUR
NAME, DO YA,
PUNK?

I'LL JUST
CALL YOU
"PUNK."







LET ME EXPLAIN
HOW THIS WORKS,
YOU GET IN LINE AND GIVE
US ALL YOUR JOY LIKE A
GOOD DOG, OR WE









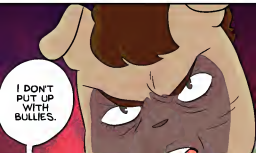


YEAH,
THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT,
PUNK.



IT'S JUST
THE WAY THINGS
ARE 'ROUND
HERE...





I DON'T
PUT UP
WITH
BULLIES.



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